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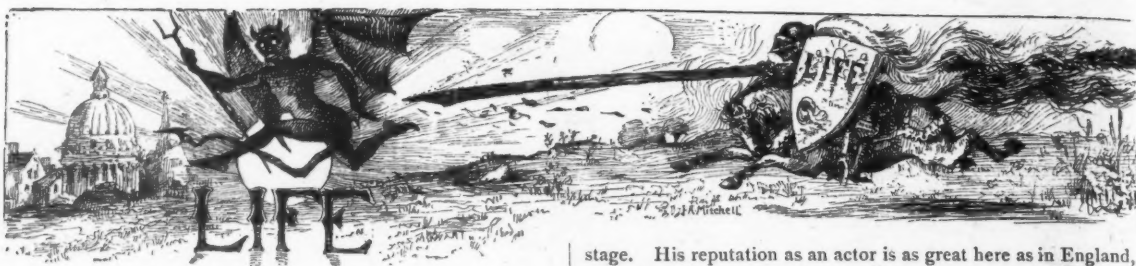
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NO SEATS AT THE BOX OFFICE.

AND THERE NEVER WILL BE WHILE SPECULATORS CAN "DIVVY" WITH MANAGERS AND CONTINUE TO BULLY AN ASININE PUBLIC.

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VOL. III.

MAY 1ST, 1884.

NO. 70.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., 20 cents per copy; Vol. II., at regular rates.

THE editor begs to announce that he cannot undertake to return rejected contributions.

ONE gentleman, being drunk, makes certain uproarious comments upon a lady. A second gentleman restrains his seething valor until the first gentleman is being trundled home in a *Coupe* and then says that the first gentleman is no gentleman. This occurring in a club parlor, the first gentleman is made the subject and object of a lurid committee meeting, and is summarily bounced as a gentleman who is paradoxically not a gentleman. The first gentleman, thus bounced, turns a zealous attention toward the second gentleman, and, by the aid of a third gentleman, discovers that he too is not a gentleman. Communicating this fact to the bouncing committee, the first gentleman who was proved not a gentleman, has the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing the second gentleman also bounced. Honors are thus easy. But now the first gentleman, although acknowledging that he was temporarily not a gentleman, seeks balm by endeavoring to force the club to readmit him and thus virtually to retract the bounce. In this cheerful endeavor to make his future social life smooth and genial he is supported by a great lawyer, and, if not a jury of his peers, the majesty and paraphernalia of the law. Much joy can come of all this. If he can prove he is still as much of a gentleman as any one of his former fellow-members, he certainly will gain for them a name and fame seldom accorded to members of good society. If on the other hand he fails in this charitable undertaking, it will be difficult to see what balsam his wounded honor can further obtain. Some clubs are born great, some achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon them.

MR. IRVING departs for England with praise and good will attending him. The prophecies were loud and many that he would not be a success on this side of the pond. He was a *poseur*, and no right-minded critic could admire him; he was a trickster, and none but Anglomaniacs would applaud him. Thus the carpers. His coming was the event of the season. Judgment waited upon curiosity. There was a flurry among the ticket speculators, but predictions were strong that he would fall far short of his aim. Well, he has closed his season. It has been the most artistic, brilliant and worthy in the history of our

stage. His reputation as an actor is as great here as in England, and his audiences more enthusiastic. His great singularities, where condemned, are more than counterpoised by his strength. But more than this. He has set a new standard for the mounting and movement of plays. American audiences will now be less satisfied than ever with the way some of our lurking but frugal actors shovel tawdry tragedy and cheap comedy upon the stage. In this, Mr. Irving has conferred a lasting favor. His success has been genuine, and it has been great. That of Miss Terry is unquestionable. Next season we claim Mr. Irving again. His welcome will be warm. He is well approved.

A SCIENTIFIC paper announces that in its next issue will appear an elaborate article, entitled, "How to Handle Bees." Now a bee is not a difficult thing to handle. He is as easily picked up as a strawberry, and is reasonably light and compressible. To handle him is therefore a mere song. Any man can do it. In fact, the more ignorant of bees a man is, the more easily he can handle one. The main difficulty seems to lie in quieting the man down after he has handled a small but frolicsome bee. There have been men known to race around a ten-acre lot, and eventually lose their salvation, after handling one bee for the tenth part of a second. The scientific journal means well, no doubt; but what the country really needs is an article on how to avoid handling bees.

"MRS. CAROLINE DALL, the authoress, has her Winter home at Georgetown, D. C."—*Boston Globe* And Julia Moore, the poetess, is in Oshkosh; and Mary Walker, the lawyeress, is in Washington; Eliza Pinkney, the advertiseress, is dead; and Susan B. Anthony, the workeress, is abroad, and we only have a singeress, a couple of painteresses, a rideress, and several walkeresses to make things cheerful for us at home.

PROFESSOR WIGGINS has broken loose again, long enough to make the pleasant announcement that a peripatetic earthquake will shortly make a tour through this country, trimmed with Asiatic cholera and cyclones. But considering that this is Election year, only the most liberal advertising can make the thing a success.

"I SEE that Prof. Maspero has discovered quite a number of mummies in upper Egypt. I wish him joy, but I am not inclined to believe there is any eligible vacancy for a mummy on this side of the water."—S. J. T.

BROOKLYN spent \$359,000 for water last year, \$960,000 for churches and \$3,197,000 for whiskey and beer. Where upon the devil does n't know whether to sing or howl.



TWO BIRDS AT ONE SHOT.

1st Philadelphia Male Cynic, aged 18: I AM GETTING AWFULLY TIRED OF SOCIETY. NOTHING BUT CONVERSATION AND DANCING.
2d P. M. C., aged 17: YA-A-S.—AWFUL TIRESOME.
Girl from the West: I SUPPOSE IT ISN'T WELL FOR YOU TO TALK TOO MUCH, BUT YOUR *legs* OUGHT TO BE STRONG AT YOUR AGE.

TO A LADY.

(In answer to a question concerning Mr. H. C. Bunner's *Airs from Arcady*.)

ANOTHER herald, strong of wing,
Hath pressed his plumes and soared to sing
Bright lays of youth, and love, and spring.

"Pshaw!" you assail me, "how absurd
To call a book of songs a bird!"
Well, Homer, not I, winged the word.

This linnet, then, hath breathed the air
Of Arcady, and eke elsewhere—
Lands where but favored feet may fare:

Because these tracts of *Weiss-richt wo*,
Girt by parched sands and bitter snow,
Within are passing fair to know.

But this I whisper you, my dear,
Go, list these notes so sweet and clear,
Since you have sense and soul to hear;

And you will learn such occult lore
As may unlock the guarded door
Of glad Arcadia's precious store.

J. M.

"MAN wants but little ear below, nor wants that little long," murmured the dude, as he carefully cut out places for his aural appendages in his new three-inch collar.

In the blizzard country. Man, pointing musingly over the hills and far away: "Yes, I came West to look after my property. I am looking after it now. There go the house and barn!"

A PILLER of the church.—A pious apothecary.

SOCIETY ITEM FROM THE TOMBS GAZETTE.

Quoted for the Benefit of the Ladies of New York Society, whose Kindly Sympathy and Floral Offerings Rendered the Closing Hours of a Late Murderer so Exceedingly Pleasant.

MR. PINSUTI STILLETTO, the condemned assassin of his wife and five children, gave the last of his enjoyable In-jails on Friday last. Mr. Stilleto takes his departure for his hereafter at the hands of the Sheriff on Monday next, and it is expected that this will be the most *recherché* execution of the season.

There were present at the reception many leaders of society; more prominent among whom were the Misses Hardcase, who are about to leave the city for a summering at their delightful residence at the Island, East River; the Hon. Pink Charley, the celebrated banker; Rev. Joe Woolpuller, cracksman and missionary-extraordinary of the United States, and Dr. Penn, whose recent operation on a hundred-dollar cheque has gained him so much notoriety.



Policeman: DON'T YOU SEE THAT NOTICE, SIR?

Young Swell: YA-AS.

Policeman: WELL—CAN 'T YOU READ?

Young Swell: OH, YA-AS!—BUT MY DOG IS—AW—SUCH A CONFOUNDEDLY IGNORANT BRUTE HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW HIS ALPHABET.

The guests began to arrive at seven o'clock, and by eight the *corridor murderaire* was jammed. The affair was opened by a prayer from the Rev. Woolpuller, and a hymn sung with much effect by a few members of the Salvation Army, who arrived a few days since.

Mr. Stilleto announced with tears in his eyes that this was his last opportunity to receive his friends. He stated that the Governor, with whom he is most intimate, being a correspondent of his, had expressed regret at being unable to meet him this side of Jordan. In a neat speech Mr. Stilleto went on to thank the many ladies of the city for the kind attention they have shown him in the shape of flowers, jelly and other delicacies of the season. He also thanked the Sheriff and Wardens of the Tombs for their consideration in allowing him the best suite of cells at their disposal, and stated that he fully appreciated their kindness in not permitting such low characters as vagrants and *petit* larceners to interrupt him in his daily meditations.

The speaker expressed himself on the whole as satisfied with his treatment by the press, but was somewhat indignant at the statement of one prominent journal that he had only killed his wife and three children.

He wished it distinctly understood that his artistic crime comprised six distinct deaths, five of which were his children. He also denied that he had merely stabbed his victims. He was no every-day stereotyped Italian cut-throat. His performance consisted first of scalping his family, second of jumping on them, and finally of stabbing them. He then sat down amid great applause.

We may say here that the habitual misrepresentation of these poor, harmless murderers on the part of the daily press is a crying disgrace to our civilization.

The prisoner was looking extremely well, and was attired in a neat fitting coat of bed-ticking cut *à la* horizontal. His trousers were of the same material cut *à la* perpendicular. He wore his hair *au shave*.

At eleven o'clock a banquet was served by Sherrifi, consisting of Croton and *Pain à la Française*, H₂O and Bread Patties, with a final course of *Crust à la Tombs*, a favorite dish with the inhabitants of this settlement.

Shortly after the guests took their leave, and were soon locked up in sleep. The host, before retiring, revised the galley-proof of the execution reports of several of our daily papers, to be published the morning after his departure.

Mr. Stilleto will be greatly missed by his many friends and admirers, to whom his good qualities and bright conversation have endeared him, and it will be a long time before such a pleasing occupant of the condemned cell will be found to take his place. We wish him a *bon voyage*.
J. K. B.

AN EXPLANATION.

HE came to ask for something? Yes!
A trifle! He could not express
Himself exactly, so he staid
Some time. You wondered what delayed?
You see I know it's childishness
To stand here blushing at my dress;
But—but it was a foolishness
That I've been trying to evade.
He came to ask!
'T was very simple; can't you guess?
It had a "y" and "e" and "s."
He's so resolved, I can't dissuade
Him any longer. I'm afraid.
I'm here, Mamma, dear, to confess—
He came to ask!

MR. BARNUM'S LATEST ACQUISITIONS.

THERE are some who consider Mr. Peter Barnum an impostor and a humbug. The thinking majority, however, regard him as an enterprising, and, menagerie-cally speaking, honest showman of extraordinary genius. But his staunchest friends will feel that he insults their intelligence and does wrong to his own reputation when he announces the following additions to his stock of curiosities:

A male Nooyokka under twenty-six years of age who can talk of something beside his friends and himself.

An Englishman with tact.

A Bostonian who is not a snob, and

A jolly Philadelphian.



A NOVEL WITH A FINE BACKGROUND.

THE author of the anonymous novel, "Stratford-by-the-Sea," has touched life deeply and truly at many points, and has faithfully chronicled the impressions. The first fifty pages of the story are almost as monotonous as the long stretch of level country, "bordered on the edge by the sea," where Stratford was situated. It is only as the work progresses that it flashes upon your perception how artistically perfect, how almost photographically correct are the dull gray background, the Puritanical old town, and the uninteresting and disagreeable characters who dwell there. Probably it seemed stupid while you were ignorant of its purpose; for the time being the author was so thoroughly provincial.

But the book is full of surprises. With the same fidelity, a man of the world is painted for us. The author's provincialism vanishes, and worldly cunning and cynicism penetrate and lay bare the motives of this character of mingled good and ill. All the while you have scarcely given a thought to the figure of a plain, modest, uninteresting country girl somewhere there in the dull background by the sea. There is a flash of passion—a glow in the sky reflected in her face; love illuminates it, and another charm is added to the picture.

Bye-and-bye the storm breaks; jealousy, disappointed love, intrigue and unholy passion are piled like lurid clouds along the sky. The bolt falls suddenly and unexpectedly from the clouds; but after the catastrophe, the sun breaks slowly through and peacefully smiles on the dead gray level of Stratford-by-the-Sea.

All these things combine to make this novel a very artistic piece of literary work. Yet it must be added that the characters are only very accurate and suggestive sketches; they lack completeness; we know just enough of them to wish to know much more.

* * *

THE Scribners have certainly hit upon a popular idea in their collection of "Stories by American Authors." Our best fiction has first appeared in the magazines, and some of the choicest of it has been short stories worthy to be rescued from the obscurity of old files. The two volumes already issued contain such notable pieces as "Who Was She?" by Bayard Taylor; "The Documents in the Case," by Brander Matthews and H. C. Bunner (who, by the way, are the joint authors of a story in the current number of the *Manhattan*); and "The Transferred Ghost," by Frank R. Stockton.

* * *

ONE of the finest books of the week is the American edition of "The Life of Frederick Denison Maurice" (two vols. Scribners), a biography which has attracted much comment in England.—Mr.

Conkling should read the "Memoirs of Rufus Choate," and, after comparing it with the stenographic reports of the Hoyt will case, it might dawn upon him that there is a tremendous chasm between an arrogant demagogue and a great advocate.—Trollope's posthumous novel, "An Old Man's Love," is an admirable specimen of story-writing. Mrs. Baggett will take her place in the gallery among the finest of character portraits.

DROCH.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

IN THE TENNESSEE MOUNTAINS. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

PINE NEEDLES, or SONNETS AND SONGS. Illustrated. By Héloïse Durant. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

STORIES BY AMERICAN AUTHORS. Vols. I. and II. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

BEFORE the fight—Mustapha Khan.

A GOOD hand at cribbage.—A thief pegging away at your watch chain.

"It's so quiet in Philadelphia," said Jones, "that I've often lain awake at night and listened to the bed-ticking."

SHE was young and had a pretty face and a Gainsborough hat, but when she asked if an apiary was not a place where they kept monkeys the spell was broken and the charm vanished.

IT is not true that language was given to us in order that with it we might conceal our thoughts. I, for example, employ language to an utterly different end, for with it I conceal my lack of thought.

JOSEPH C.—K.



WHO'S THIS?

A CHAP called O'Donovan Rossa,
A famous hot cannon-ball tossa.
He chaws dynamite,
And spoils for a fight,
But endanger his life will he? Nossa.

W. J. D.

OUR NATIONAL ACADEMY.

THE most melancholy feature of the melancholy exhibition now going on at what is satirically called the National Academy of Design, is that such a mortifying display is entirely unnecessary. If the academicians and their committees would but regard their own miserable daubs as warnings to students, and not as sources of revenue for their individual pockets, decent pictures might be hung where the public could see them, and a little encouragement be given to those who have some talent for their profession. As it is the places of honor are given up to such painters as Tait, Beard, Hart, Cropsey, and Stearns.

The result is a chamber of horrors that is a disgrace to the city and an insult to our intelligence.

We advise those who are interested in American art to stay away as a visit would be fraught with cruel surprises.

We mention a few of the paintings. As a rule the weakest efforts occupy the posts of honor.

No. 23, Mr. Winslow Homer's "Life Line," is a strong picture. If he had made his ocean of water instead of zinc it would have been stronger still.

No. 43 is a landscape by William Hart, N. A., and no one but an N. A., would have so little pride as to allow that particular work to be hung in such a conspicuous position. Mr. Hart has certain tricks at his finger's ends, but they are old tricks, tricks that we outgrew and left behind us about thirty years ago—and to most of us they are both pitiful and offensive.

Mr. James D. Smillie's "The Pond's Outlet" is a delightful bit of color. It is broadly done, fresh, strong and "out of doorsy." It is a relief to the eye.

Mr. Eastman Johnson's portrait of Secretary Folger is a fine piece of work.—Strong, lifelike and full of repose. It is a striking contrast to the fiery daubs which surround it. If the National Academy were composed of Eastman Johnsons, American art would find itself on a very different footing.

In No. 49 Mr. Jerome Ferris found his leopard was too much for him. The picture is rich in color, however, and one of the best things in the exhibition.

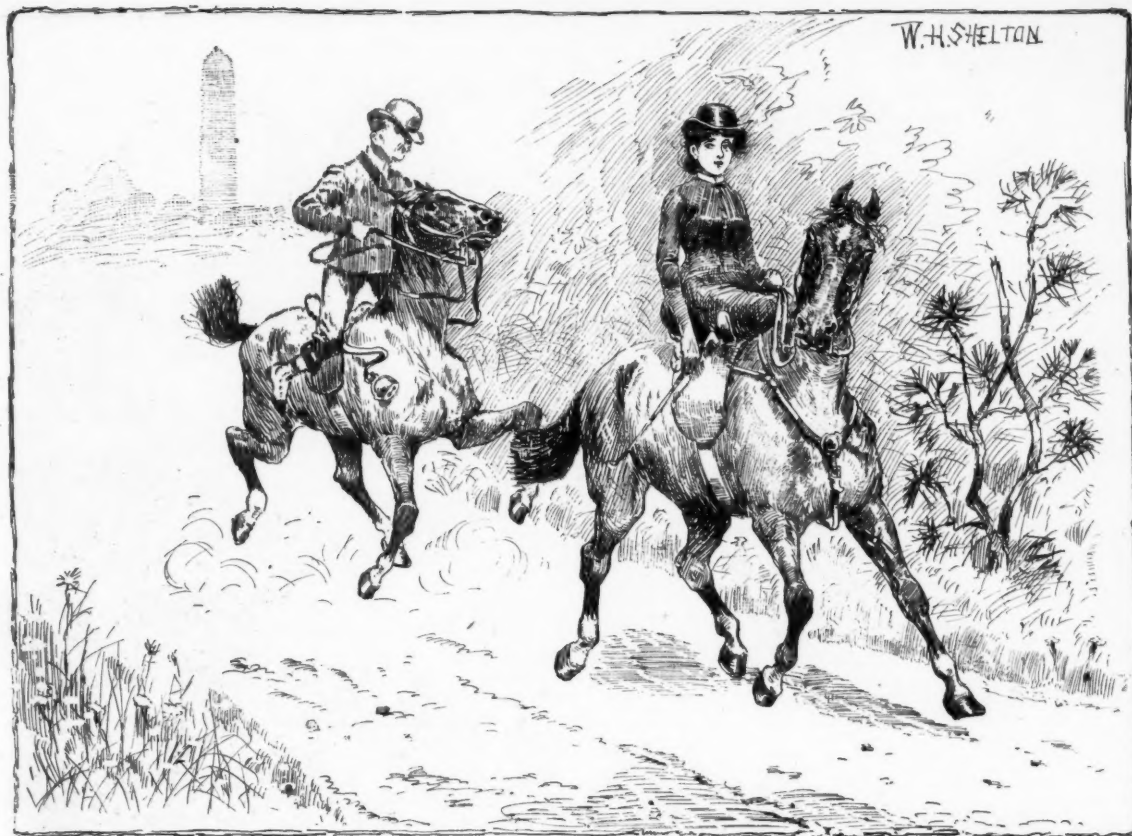
No. 179, "The Courtin'", by Thomas P. Anshutz, is an excellent fire light effect and one of the best compositions at the academy. It tells its story in a delightfully simple way.

In 382 Mr. Cropsey gives to a long suffering public another of his schoolgirl daubs. Mr. Cropsey can get more color into less space than any of his rivals.

Mr. David S. Pope must be a son-in-law of every member of the hanging committee.—From his painting No. 199, we should say he might be from six to eight years of age, but in that case he never could have managed to get his canvas on the line.

In No. 188 Mr. E. Wood Perry gives us some conscientiously painted furniture, *bric-à-brac* and lace, the effect of which is very much marred by the presence of a shapeless, red-haired woman who occupies the greater part of the picture.

No. 336 is pretty bad even for an Academician;



IN THE PARK.

Jenny: THERE IS NOTHING LIKE IT, FRED.
Fred: WELL, I SHOULD HOPE NOT.

for Thomas Hicks is an Academician or that portrait would have never been hung where it is.

Mr. Percy Moran's "Old Time Melody," No. 353, is a delightful work, fresh, luminous and decisively painted. The color is more than pleasing.

Mr. F. S. Church's "Retaliation" is a charming idea.

"The Courtship of Miles Standish" is a technical success, and if Mr. Turner had given a little more thought to the story he was telling his picture would have been the success of the year. It is a little cold in color, but a charming work nevertheless.

No. 287 is given in the catalogue as a "A Lady in White and Red." Chalk and muddy pink would have described it better, but Mr. Huntington's portraits are all so sweet and pretty that we ought never to complain. Some day he may learn something about the technique of painting, and then his portraits will be better still.

451. How atrociously Mr. Bierstadt can paint when he tries—and he seems always to be trying. This also

would be a good scene for the door of an omnibus if it were a little less crude in color.

421. Mr. Wm. H. Beard has courage. If his pictures are as amusing to himself as they are mournful to the public he is an intensely happy man.

No. 569, Mr. Jerome Thompson's "Lone Fisherman," is of course hung on the line. If Mr. Thompson is under ten years of age there is hope for him.

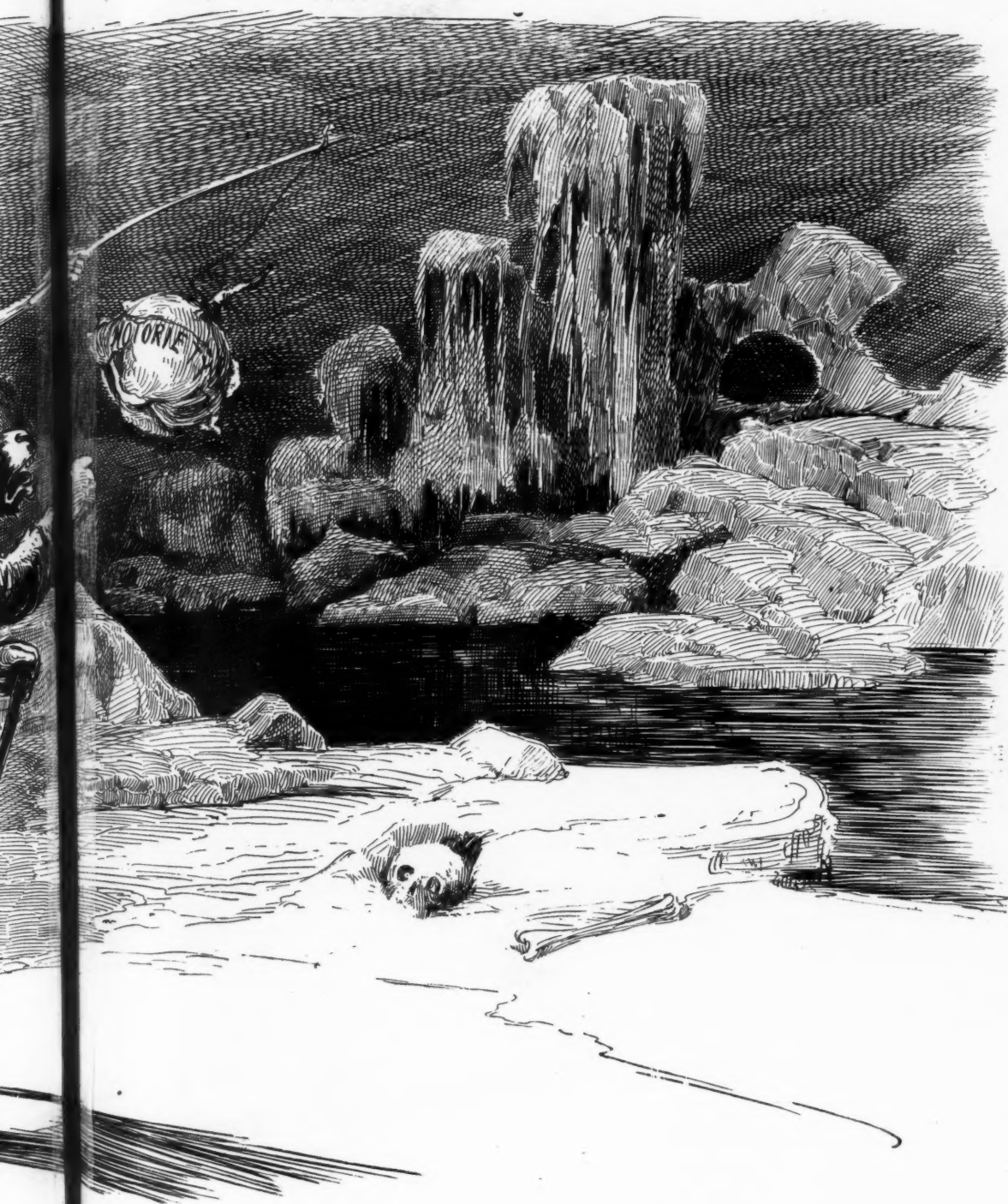
In No. 547, "Telling the Bees," Mr. W. H. Low, gives us an imitation of Bastien Lepage. Aside from its having no values and being rather offensive in color it is almost a success.

621. One of E. T. Henry's nightmares. When Mr. Henry has grasped the first rudiments of color he may produce something that resembles horses and wagons and clothes. People he can never represent.

In No. 615, "Mr. Jefferson as Bob Acres," Mr. Alexander has evidently tried to show us what he could do if he only would. It looks, however, more like what he would like to do if he only could.



G.J. Taylor.



SEASODABLE.

O H, dever go a Bayi'g
Uddil the bodth of Jude.
Despite the poeds' sayi'g,
You 'll fide id is too sood.

The daffodil and padsy
Your eye will dever spy.
The wild sage and the tadsy
Are sdill a liddle shy.

Although the ladscape pleases,
You 'd bedder sday ad hobe,
And save a week of sdeezes
From bordi'g to the gloab.

Thed dever go a Bayi'g
Uddil the bodth of Jude.
Despite the poeds' sayi'g,
You 'll fide id budge too sood. C. C. S.

In the education of the children of the period, fathers and mothers are apparently applying the principles of Mr. Blaikie's book, "Sound Bodies for Boys and Girls." Our most vivid recollections lead us to conjecture that the advice which *our* parents must have followed was "Sound Spankings for our Boys and Girls," and published in weekly instalments at that.

AT THE BALL (time midnight).—Mr. Croesus (soliloquising).—"If I'd known it was going to be anything like this I'd have brought some lunch with me."

ABDUL AZIZ should be known to fame as Abdul Aziz n't.

A TOUCH OF PURITANISM.

THE *Sun*, in a recent issue, thus comments on a hideous and vice-provoking evil which seems to be gaining a foothold in our midst:

"There is much crime and of many sorts in this town, but perhaps none is more dangerous to the public morals or can cause more fractures of the public peace than the heinous and deadly variety which has lately been exposed by the Society for the Prevention of Crime. Persons who take the air, either for secular amusement or on their way to church, of a Sunday, have noticed with horror that flowers are for sale by venders, some of whom, we regret to say, are pretty, on the Fifth avenue and upper Broadway. There is something about flowers which is offensive to many virtuous and well-disposed citizens, or we may be sure that nobody in the Society for the Prevention of Crime would have complained to the Police Department about the flower sellers. It is dispiriting to notice that the Police Department is not inclined to put down Sunday flowers and flower sellers. The Society for the Prevention of Crime should publish a pamphlet showing the noxious and demoralizing effect of flowers. The public is not educated on the subject as yet."

TWO-FOR-MYSELF-AND-ONE-FOR-YOU'S VACATION EXCURSIONS.

TWO GRAND SPRING TRIPS.

A Sojourn of Two Months at the Elegant, Health and Pleasure and Profit and No-Expense-Spared Resort, the Hotel Free Monte; including the Sans-Souris at Santa Barbara; the Couvertures-Courtes at Bloody Gulch; the Pucis-Curienses at Painted Post, or the Palace Hotel, San Francisco. Return tickets may be used or not at the option of the purchaser.

SO much is already known of these famous tours that we will devote a small octavo volume to a minute explanation of them.



WESTWARD HO!

THE RAILWAY JOURNEY.

1. Each person will have a double sleeping-berth wholly to himself or herself, or *vice versa*. The same berths will be retained throughout the journey, and unpleasant changes will thus be prevented. Over a large portion of the route, west of the Missouri River, the trains will be run at a rate of speed calculated to operate favorably upon those of the passengers afflicted with insomnia. On the other side of the Rocky Mountains the rate of speed will be increased according to the degree of convalescence of the passengers. In all cases where stops for meals are made orthodox clergymen and deacons will be provided with corkscrews.

FROM BOSTON TO CHICAGO.

The preliminary part of the journey will lie through a snow storm and the Hoosac Tunnel. Supper will be furnished in beans and lined with pie at Greenfield. Breakfast will be had on the Suspension Bridge, the idea being to get the meals and the sight-seeing as much mixed up as possible.



CHICAGO, FROM THE EAST.

CHICAGO.

The party will arrive at Chicago Saturday; the Boston passengers will not know the next day is Sunday, because Prof. Swing will lecture and all the beer saloons will be open. All the horse-car lines, omnibuses, cable railways and suburban trains will radiate from the hotel where the party stops.

FROM CHICAGO TO KANSAS CITY.

The gorgeous scenery will continue as usual. From this time on E. E. Hale's Double will hold reviews each Sunday in the wash room at the end of the car; there will be room for all. At this stage of the journey another magnificent new roller towel will be placed near the mirror at the end of the car and coupons will be detached for its use as per order.



BOAT RACE ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

More gorgeous scenery. Persons from the East will be given a day off under the charge of an experienced guide. No Indians nor Buffaloes yet! Be patient!

COLORADO.

Of this great State, one-third is rolling prairie, carpeted with nutritious buffalo grass. The train will stop in the middle of the State to allow persons from the East to look around. Indians, buffaloes, prairie-dogs and samples of the atmosphere will be furnished passengers to send home, for which coupons will be detached as per order.



A PRAIRIE.

NEW MEXICO.

The home of Aztecs, Toctees or Tezucans; samples furnished as before. As the party ascends through the "Swing-'em-up" Pass the charming idyl associated with this region and known to all persons from the East, viz.: "Boost-me-up's Last Twirl," will be read aloud by a consumptive conductor who travels with us for his board. Along the valley of the Rio Grande agriculture is carried on in the most primitive ways by Mexicans and Indians, *i. e.*, the Mexicans raise a little wheat, the Indians steal it, the Mexicans kill the Indians, and then the Indian chiefs have their expenses paid to Washington, where they are prayed with by Commissioner Price. For which information coupons will be detached as per order.



A HORSE-RACE IN NEW MEXICO.



ARIZONA

Comprises 113,916 sq. miles, 421 sq. ft. and 16 1/8 sq. inches. We stop a sufficient time to breakfast at Yuma. Here many specimens of the Indian races are to be seen (coupons detached as per order). The Yumas preserve their primitive style of dress, which is a cross between that of Lydia Thompson and Oscar Wilde. Sick clergymen who have their wives with them will be given further information in the baggage car when the train starts.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Debilitating atmosphere becomes more so, and the price of whiskey rises. Gorgeous scenery. We are gradually approaching "the loveliest region of the whole wide world, Hoop-la! We speed through orange groves, vineyards, glorious sunsets, rarified atmospheres, herds of gazelles, dirty Indians, invalids, Trappers of the Far West, and many other interesting objects imported for this party, for which coupons will be detached as though nothing were happening. At this stage of the trip another magnificent new roller-towel will be placed near the mirror in the wash-room. For the rest of the trip Philips Brooks' sermons can be

heard by telephone in the smoking car. Breakfast will be served while in Southern California.

By the Author of "BETTER THINGS THAN THIS," etc., etc.



FOREST SCENE IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

LIFE Insurance.—A game at which you can only win with death for a partner.

DURING the afternoon and evening of April 29th there is to be a "Kirmess" at the Metropolitan Opera House, for the benefit of patients in the New York Skin and Cancer Hospital.

It is an excellent cause; the names connected with it are among the best known in the city and there is no doubt of its being a most brilliant affair. It is seldom New Yorkers have a better opportunity of doing good than in the one which is here offered them; to say nothing of its being a most delightful way of showing oneself a philanthropist.

Go, and spend lots of money.

HISTORY.—A romance of truth and an apology for kings.

NOTES ON THE COMING CAMPAIGN.

BY OUR SPECIAL CANDIDATE REPORTER.

YOUR correspondent called upon his excellency Rutherford B. Hayes a few days ago and found him in his usual state of hilarity. He seemed pleased to welcome me and upon my asking whether he intended to enter the lists in the coming campaign, replied that he would not go home until morning.

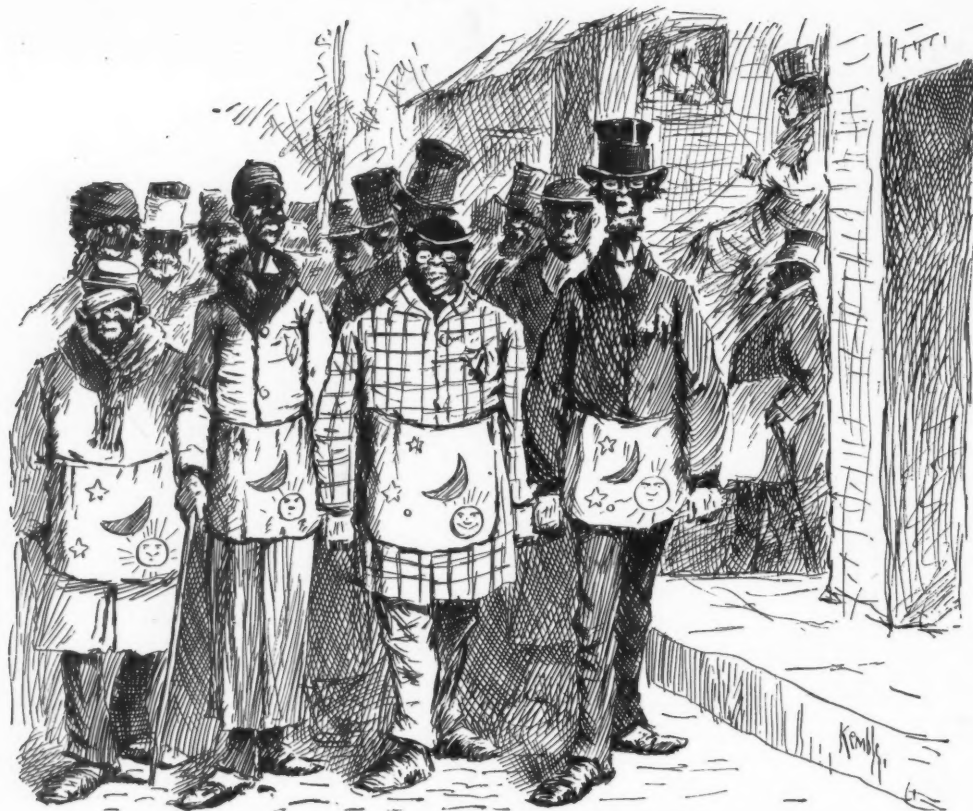
"When you speak of Home, Mr. Hayes, do you refer to the White House?"

"Heaven is his home!" said a deep bass voice, of undoubted female origin, at my side, and turning to see whence it came I recognized the lineaments of the only lady who has ever occupied our Presidential Chair. She, with a glance at the tired but happy ex-statesman, advised him to "walk it off," which he, after enquiring as to the whereabouts of his "next-morning-extra-sized-derby," proceeded to do, leaving a parting injunction to the landlord to fill the flowing bowl until it did run over.

Rutherford gone, I was about to interview the lady, but an uproar without caused her to hasten away. Rutherford had unconsciously been drawn into an unseemly wrangle with a lawn-mower, much to the detriment of his personal appearance.

In the absence of better material I inquired of a promising youth of tender years who happened to be present, whose father he was.

He replied: "Pa says I'm a son of a Gambolier, but I ain't; I'm Ma's boy, and she ain't any Gambolier. I'm named after Pa's Cabinet, I am. They don't call me by my full name, though. Ma says life's too short to rattle off that old crowd every time she wants me, so she calls me Salvation Army Hayes one day and Anything-To-Beat-Grant Hayes the next."



THAT FUNERAL IN MOKEVILLE.

"Does your father expect to run for the Presidency this year?" I asked.

"I heard Pa tell a man who called here to sell a book called 'Blaine on Ins and Outs' that he'd give all his old boots to get there again. Then when Pa comes down to breakfast he looks at Ma and says 'Shall,' but Ma takes him up short and freezes him out by saying 'Shan't.' They keep this up until we kids strike for our breakfast. I think it's kinder low down in Ma not to let Pa run if he wants to."

"I see," said I, "but how does your father seem to feel about the other candidates?"

"Well, we dassen't say anything about them. I asked Pa once who Samuel J. Tilden was and Ma put me up in the attic on bread and water for three days. Pa said there never was any such man as Sam Tilden. Say, was n't there, truly?"

"Yes, my boy," said I; "there never was a time when there was not such a man, if the Republican papers speak truly when they tell his age. He and your Pa had a race once, and no one ever knew which won. Your father got the gate-money, however, and that was all he wanted."

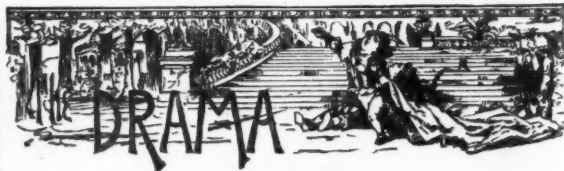
The boy's mother came in at this point, and I deemed it best to withdraw. As I strolled down the gravel walk I heard from the topmost regions of the house, the rich, mellow voice of R. B. H. himself saying: SHALL!

Immediately thereafter, as if in echoing response, came a deep bass voice of undoubted female origin, saying: SHAN'T!

The chances are that of the two the deep bass voice of undoubted female origin spoke the more truly.

[Note to the Editor—It is due to my reputation for me to state that the muddled appearance of this interview is caused by the ignorance of some people as to where hospitality ceases and intemperance begins.]

CARLYLE SMITH.



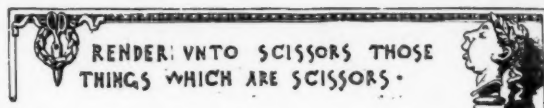
MAY BLOSSOM.

AT last the boards of the Madison Square Theatre have given place to a play where the movement is that of men and women of flesh and blood, and not that of jointed and heterogeneous marionettes. "May Blossom," by David Belasco, is a virile play of the right sort. Its story is simple, straightforward and earnest; its range is wide; its incidents constrained and yet dramatic; its purpose good; its dialogue bright; its coloring

strong and full of contrast. It is human and it is poetic. It is not a great play in originality of motive; it is sublime in no part; it is quiet throughout, and yet full of human interest and rich in moments of deepest pathos and passion. Its story is simply that of a wife whose idea of her husband's honor has been shattered, and who drives him from her in scorn, to learn in after years, through trial, that she loves him still, forgiving his fault for that it was done for love of her. The theme is trite, and has been handled in a hundred works, but in this play it has received a treatment so full of poetry, delivery and subtlety as to seem quite new. It was quite a triumph for so young a man, in a double sense, for not only is the play itself effective, but it is enriched by a harmony of movement seldom seen upon our boards.

It is good to see such playwrights and plays arising. We have had enough of the reign of the bumptious Gunther and the sebaceous Boyesen as architects of the American drama. We like proofs that it is not necessary to have a pair of scissors, plenty of impudence and a French dictionary in order to write good plays for our stage. We are secretly pleased to see worthy actors let out of the narrow limits of a pulpit, and given a little room to caper and frolic, and be earnest and weep by turns, as men and women do in real life. We are comforted to see such steps taken at last by a management whose facilities are second to none in the world. There is nothing to hamper the Madison Square Theatre if it hampers not itself. It has refuted the charge of a leaning to weakness by producing Mr. Belasco's strong play, and presenting to the public one of the most interesting performances of many years.

H. G. C.



"WHAT makes you look so sad, old man?"

"I've just received a despatch to the effect that my uncle has met with a terrible accident."

"Well, that ought not to make you feel very much distressed. you are his heir, are n't you?"

"Yes, but you see the despatch states that hopes are entertained of his recovery."—*Philadelphia Call.*

A CLERGYMAN married a lady with whom he received a substantial dowry of \$10,000 and a fair prospect for more. Soon afterward, while occupying the pulpit, he gave out a hymn, read four stanzas, and was reading the fifth,

Forever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore,

when he hesitated and exclaimed, "Ahem! the choir will omit the fifth verse," and sat down. The congregation, attracted by his apparent confusion, read the remaining lines:

Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
And bids me hope for more.

—*Roxbury Advocate.*

"AND so Jack was sentenced to be hanged?" "Yis, surr, but the byes saved him, do n't you know; they proved an alibi." "Proved an alibi! What do you mean?" "Phi, do n't yer see, we jist knocked down the ould calaboose, and tuk Jack out beyant the town and hung him on a limb nice and quiet loike, and whin they come to execute the sentence onto him, do n't yer see, he 'd a foine alibi all riddy for um. He was n't there intirely."—*Boston Transcript.*

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A WASHINGTON physician, says an exchange who has been studying the effect of different professions on longevity, discovers that the average life of female chorus singers is one hundred years; but he omits to say that, so far as general observation goes, they rarely begin singing until after they have passed the critical period of female existence. Perhaps if they started in earlier they would not last so long.—*Commercial Advertiser*.

A FACT.

"UNLESS your son has some decided bent," observed the Rev. Timothy Larkspur the other day to a parishioner, "he will always be a burden to his friends."

"And why?" asked Mr. Muggs.

"Because," quoth the parson, "unless he has some decided bent, he will always be in straitened circumstances."

"True!" assented Mr. Muggs, with a sigh. Nor was he ever seen to smile again.—*Moonshine*.

SCENE in a railroad office: "Mr. Secretary," said the President, "Have you prepared the advertisement asking for bids for the construction of two hundred freight cars?" "I have," "Did you include fourteen new locomotives?" "I did," "And eighty flat cars?" "Yes, sir," "And three hundred tons of steel rails?" "Yes, sir," "That's right; but while we are about it we might as well ask the contractors to figure on six new iron bridges and three or four station houses." The next day the force is cut down ten per cent., wages reduced fifteen, and the engineers have their oil measured out by the spoonful.—*Wall Street News*.

At a regular meeting of the HARVARD CLUB, of New York, held April 10th, 1884, it was voted "That the Harvard Club, of New York, cordially recommend CHARLEMAGNE TOWER to the Alumni as a suitable person for Overseer."

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